

HUMORESQUE

WATCH FOR THIS STORY IN MOTION PICTURES

"Humoresque" is a Cosmopolitan production. Scenario by Frances Marion, direction of Frank Borzage. Presented by Famous Players-Lasky Corporation as a Paramount-Artercraft picture.

The Story So Far.

The parents of Leon Kantor, driven from Russia by persecution, settle in Allen street, in the New York Ghetto, and the father, Abraham, establishes a shop for the sale of so-called Russian brasses. He gets along fairly well, and when Leon is seven a birthday celebration is planned. Leon is dressed in his best, plays the role of rescuer to a little girl who has rescued a stray cat, and almost ruins his suit. After he has been taken home by his father and washed, the latter marches him out to buy a present. Leon spies a violin and refuses to accept anything else. It develops later that he has a genius for playing—something his mother had dreamed of. He does so well that a wealthy society woman, hearing him by accident, persuades his father to let him play at a Fifth avenue musicale. The arrival of her limousine to fetch him causes a stir in Allen street.

Screen Version Novelized
By Jane McLean.

THEY streamed out, the mother first leading her son by the hand, the father next followed by the two small brothers and the sister. The street was lined with the curious. The footman with his nose uptilted leaned round and opened the door instead of getting down and playing the perfect servant. It was all one to Leon. His mother watched him sink into the deep plush cushions and handed his violin to him almost reverently.

She leaned in to feel the seats her boy was sitting on and observed with a wondering glance a dainty clock and a spray of lilies of the valley in a holder.

Not At All Envious.

She was not envious as she closed the door, rather, very proud; the eyes of Allen street were upon her. This was the beginning of the dream she had dreamed in the snows of Russia. The horn sounded again; the door slammed; the big car started slowly, and even then at the imminent period of life and limb, and Leon, almost hidden, was started on his journey to the fabled halls of wealth to play a five-dollar violin before a discriminating company.

He was rather excited; this was the first time he had ever ridden in an automobile; once he had been treated to a ride on a stage on a sight-seeing trip to Central Park, but this was distinctly different.

This was coming from the East Side, across Broadway and on to the avenue with its lights and its life. Leon remarked to himself on the difference in the men and women as compared with those in Allen street and the difference in the buildings. Plenty of food for reflection.

At last the car stopped, and this time the footman, as though the spirit of service descended on him like a mantle, stepped out, and he looked at the violin and saw in it a promise. If he could buy his mother something like this car in which he sat—that was a thought.

Out of the Ghetto, through the East Side, across Broadway and on to the avenue with its lights and its life. Leon remarked to himself on the difference in the men and women as compared with those in Allen street and the difference in the buildings. Plenty of food for reflection.

He felt almost grand, if a little timid. There was a porte cochere and a red carpet leading up marble steps, evidently made to be walked on. Leon moved gingerly with no help from the footman; at the top of the stairs a pompous butler was inclined to halt him. Fortunately Mrs. Van de Venter came into view.

"Our little musician." She took him by the arm as he removed his cap and ushered him into a smaller room, trying to make him feel quite at home.

With the adaptability of childhood, responded easily. A few kind words go a great way wherever they are spoken. Left with an obliging maid, who offered him all plate of ice cream. He forgot all about home and revelled in this pector of the rich so different from the skim milk product of the ice cream carts.

He was striking up quite a friendship with the maid when a waitress came to lead him to the sacrifice. "You won't be afraid, will you, Leon?"

He shook his head.

He makes a Promise.

"You'll do the best you can, won't you?"

He assured her with a smile that he would.

"I'm sure you will," Mrs. Van de Venter was as anxious for her own reputation as for his.

The buzz of conversation ceased when the hostess entered, leading Leon, and the men and women who sat or stood about the big room looked critically at the little boy with the violin case in his small hand.

Certainly there was nothing about him to show that he could play the most difficult of instruments. His hair did not curl and he presented him in a little speech. She had the good taste to refrain from extravagant praise and the good sense to be brief.

Then Leon found himself standing alone facing several hundred faces, most of them bored, some of them beautiful. He opened the cheap violin case and drew forth the shabby violin.

Once or twice he swallowed hard as he picked the strings for the right pitch. Already through his brain were surging the notes of a wonderful melody he had heard at

a concert in the park; he did not know its name, but its music was stamped on his ear. His audience paid him the compliment of quiet. After all, there was something pathetic about this little nobody from nowhere.

Leon lifted up the violin and began—the room faded away—he was in an apple orchard with the blossoms dropping from the trees—he had seen a picture like that once—and he was playing the famous sonata he had heard in the park.

When he stopped there was silence; a man with a benevolent smile came forward and took him by the hand—Mrs. Van de Venter stood on the other side.

An Appreciative Audience.

Suddenly there was a great noise of clapping, and he heard the man saying: "Where does he live? Allow me, Mrs. Van de Venter, to take him in hand—I always like to pay tribute to genius."

To Be Continued.

Sweet Innocence.

Fair visitor, after having been shown over armored cruiser: "And where do you keep your sea dogs? I simply love animals!"

Fashion Fancies Seen in the Shops

The Times presents today another of a series of fashion features designed to be of invaluable help to its readers.

In this column there are shown each week illustrations with descriptions of the exact designs in up-to-date women's wear offered for sale here in Washington. These illustrations are sketched

from the actual garments on display by the merchants.

The illustrator is a woman who knows art and value in clothes. Readers are assured that only those styles which appeal because they are up-to-the-minute and those which are readily obtainable in Washington will be presented.



This all-wool slip-on sweater was seen in a shop where it is paramount in all-wool material. It is beautifully hand-made of red wool. If one should desire it, it can be ordered in any other color. Also in this shop are buttons of every desirable shape and size, covered and uncovered. Also hem-stitching is done in a most satisfactory manner. Sweater, \$15.00.



Youthfulness itself is expressed, in this new and attractive suit, made of English jersey cloth. Pockets and buttons form the trimming on the coat. The skirt also boasts of two pockets, trimmed with buttons.

Fortunately it can be had in almost any color. For a general wear suit, it is most practical and at the same time a very good looking style. \$29.75.

This citron colored hat, made of cyranthemum braid, is one of the many pretty hats for spring wear. It is faced in navy blue color of the same braid; around the crown navy blue wool stitching and straw flowers form the trimming.

A very good looking hat for the money. \$7.50.

Letters of Ella Wheeler Wilcox on Life Beyond

Tells Certain Knowledge of Immortality Based on Messages from Dead Husband

"Robert Says: We Met—That Was Happiness; We Loved—Divinity; Our Love Survives—Immortality"

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox

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(The following hitherto unpublished letters from America's greatest poetess to her favorite brother, Marcus P. Wheeler, Windsor, Wis., a civil war veteran, constitute a remarkable human document. At one and the same time they set forth what she believed her certain knowledge of the life hereafter, based upon communications from her husband, Robert M. Wilcox, who died in 1916, and also very interesting side lights on the daily life and views of this writer whose name is known to every one who reads. These letters will be printed in daily installments.)

London, Oct. 15, 1918.

DEAR MARCUS: I am "hoovering" in paper you see—using a left-over from France. Thought you might like to see enclosed nice letter. I have been three days in London and amazing things have happened. Lady Palmer, wife of Sir Everett Palmer, Bart.—and a great worker

in total abstinence—has been to see me to ask me to her house tomorrow to meet a marvelous medium who is a friend of Sir Oliver Lodge. Lady Palmer is a psychic and has extraordinary experiences. Is having it arranged for me to meet Helen Maxwell, who makes spirit pictures. Before I had been in London two

The Two Voices

By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN DE WATER.

"I SHALL never, never go there again, Ruth! It's simply dreadful!" Doris exclaimed. The sisters were seated in a Fifth avenue stage on their way to the house of their mother's friend, on whom they had promised to call. Since leaving Daniel Rodney's home five minutes ago, neither had spoken. Now Doris' feelings must have an outlet.

So vehement was her manner that her companion was glad that the bus was almost empty.

"Not so loud, Doris," she warned. Doris lowered her voice, but her manner did not change.

"No—I simply will not go again—or, at any rate, until Hugh is better. I did it to please you, Ruth—and I hope that you appreciate it."

"You also did it to spare Hugh pain," Ruth reminded her. "But if you had not deceived him I need not have gone at all," Doris charged.

Ruth was capable of much self-sacrifice, but her sense of justice

was strongly developed. At this point, she asserted itself. "Deceived him," she repeated, her voice tense and low. "And why must I deceive him, Doris? It is because you will not do your part yourself—will not comfort him and cheer him—as you ought to do."

"In other words—because I will not lie to him?" Doris suggested sarcastically.

"I would rather lie to him than break his heart," Ruth declared.

For a moment the implication conveyed in this sentence tickled the vanity of the older girl.

"Break his heart?" she echoed eagerly. "Do you really suppose that he cares as much as all that?"

Embarrassing to Ruth.

Ruth's face was very white. "I suppose," she said, every word falling slowly and distinctly, "that Hugh Rodney loved you so much for nothing but your disloyalty to him would have crushed him—probably destroyed his last chance of recovery—had he known the truth in his weakened condition. And it was so prevent that catastrophe that I took your place."

"And now?" Doris asked.

"And now," Ruth answered, "the still believes that you love him. You saw that for yourself today."

Ruth's face was very white. "I suppose," she said, every word falling slowly and distinctly, "that Hugh Rodney loved you so much for nothing but your disloyalty to him would have crushed him—probably destroyed his last chance of recovery—had he known the truth in his weakened condition. And it was so prevent that catastrophe that I took your place."

"Well—you will have to play the game out alone," she said with a smile. "As I just remarked, I will not go there again—no, not for you, nor for Hugh, nor for anyone. I went to sing for him this afternoon just because you were in a scrape. Laura never thanked me for anything but acted just as if I had not put off my own wishes for her brother. Then when I sang—hating it all the while—you left me alone with Hugh. And, as a finishing touch, he found fault with the way I sang."

A psychoanalyst would have understood the workings of Doris Courtney's mind at this juncture. The girl had been flattered by Hugh's desire to hear her sing, had experienced a comfortable glow of self-martyrdom and magnanimity in gratifying this desire. But she had received no praise, had been the recipient of no thanks and had been reminded that her talent was inferior to her sister's. Added to this was the fact that the sight of Hugh's blindness had made her uncomfortable. A natural reaction had set in.

But Ruth Courtney was not a psychoanalyst.

"Why, Doris," she asked, "what is the matter, my dear? I did not hear Hugh criticize your song."

"No—because you rushed off and left me alone with him. Then he told me that my voice was not nearly so good as it was yesterday, which means that you sang better—better than I could. Such being the case it was hardly kind of you to drag me around there just to mark the contrast between our accomplishments."

Doris Lays Down the Law.

Ruth did not speak for a full minute. Then—

"I think, my dear," she said, "that we would best not discuss this matter any more just now."

"I do not wish to discuss it any more at all!" Doris retorted. "I have done all that I intend to do. You took it upon yourself to interfere in my affairs and to play Providence to Hugh Rodney instead of letting things take their natural course. Well, then, you will have to depend upon yourself to get you out of any more scrapes you walk into."

As they had reached the corner of the street on which their mother's friend lived, they descended from the bus, and further discussion of Hugh and his case was suspended.

Nor was it renewed until an hour later, as the girls reached their own front door, when Ruth asked a sudden question, one she had been revolving in her mind for the past half mile.

"Doris," laying her hand on her sister's arm, "do not let us quarrel, dear. I regret putting you in an awkward position this afternoon. Whether the fault is mine or not is of no matter just now. But one thing I must know. Are you at last certain that you can never love Hugh Rodney?"

To her relief, Doris answered frankly.

"Just for a minute this afternoon I was uncertain, for he looked almost as he used to—only perhaps gentler in some way. Then—he opened his eyes and touched me. And then I knew."

"That I do not love him, and that I never shall again," was the blunt reply. "You wanted the truth, Ruth. Now you have it absolutely."

(To Be Continued.)

THE TIMES SHOPPER

Will gladly furnish the name and address of the firm where the original articles depicted in this column may be seen. Just phone Main 5250 and ask for

THE TIMES SHOPPER.

hours, Mary Montell came to call. She wrote an article on automatic writing which I will send you. She and I could get nothing from ouija. But with a paper and pencil she wrote amazingly—her hand wrote. Robert came and welcomed the two London, and said I must be patient and await results. Then he said this beautiful thing:

"Remember all we have had. We met—that was happiness. We loved—that was divinity. Our love outlived death—that is immortality!"

When Miss M. read what her hand had wrote she was much impressed. She knew nothing of my life, save that I was a widow. She comes again Sunday.

The ouija board has to have a certain combination—a certain Vibratory Force—to make it a medium of communication between the two worlds. I have tried with at least 100 people, and just three in America and four here have proven the right ones.

I am to meet Dr. Wallace tomorrow—a great doctor and writer and student of the occult. Conan Doyle speaks of him in his book. Lady Morton, also a great light in these matters, is to give a party for me to meet the most distinguished ones. So you see Robert knew what he was talking about when he sent me here. But I did not expect to get going so soon. Meantime I've got to find a warmer and less expensive hotel. This is cold and costly!

I am sorry to think Mr. Raymer and Brandenberg are crippled. I don't see why. I believe both are younger than I. I am as limber as I was at sixteen—and have nerve and endurance.

I expect to be here until next April. Good night. ELLA.

Mother of Stain Aviator to Have Him Met Robert.

London, Nov. 8, 1918.

Dear Marcus: Well, another November 5th went by and was made pleasant by having an English friend remember it and bring me lovely flowers. I was so surprised. Then a message came from Robert, too—making him seem very near. Three nice women called, so the day was pleasant even though my wish for it to be my last was not granted.

Yesterday I gave a talk and Mrs. Randall recited some new poems for several hundred Australian soldiers—a wholly new audience. Again we scored a success. Mr. Gay, my publisher, was greatly astonished at my powers as a speaker.

I am to give a poetry afternoon at the Lyceum Club on December 20. I speak on "After Death," at a large New Thought Conference. I go to a country (?) house the 16th to stay till the 19th. The lady's only son was an aviator and was killed a year ago by a German flyer in the air. His pilot climbed into the dead boy's lap and got the machine to earth. A few weeks later he became insane.

Mrs. Bamber, the dead boy's mother, is in constant communication with him and is bringing out a book of his messages. I shall send it to you: "Claud's Book." She says when I am there we will arrange to have Claud and Robert meet. Sir Oliver Lodge is to be there one day. On November 12 I am to take tea with Sir William Barrett and Lady Barrett.

He was one of the first great men of science to come into knowledge of spirit communication, and

give it to the world. You see, it was to meet such people as these that I planned to come over the death-charged seas when you and Mr. Brisbane and many others were so opposed to the idea, and thought me presumptuous and absurd to butt in. Every day proves to me how well Robert knew what he was doing when he told me to come. I shall have another book ready before I leave here.

I sent you today a new poem I wrote here. Every one is crazy over it. There are no copyrights on it save for book purposes, so you can have it copied there.

I have just found a nice little suite—two rooms and a bath—and expect to go into them next week. It is less expensive and more comfortable than this hotel. Living is very expensive here, any way you manage, but I am glad I am here.

The climate is as bad as they make it. Besides—fog, rain—yes, it is a fascinating old town all the same. Such interesting people wherever you turn. The atmosphere is alive with the vibrations of wonderful minds. Never the dull, narrow or hard of course there are a lot of them, but I haven't come in touch with them.

The war news is daily more thrilling. But I do hope Haig's orders to march peacefully but victoriously into Berlin will be carried out. It is the only way to end the war with dignity.

Good night. ELLA.

21 Bedford road. (Continued Tomorrow.)

BOOKS

THE SINGLE TRACK. By Douglas Grant. New York: W. J. Watt & Co.

Here we have another of Douglas Grant's exciting stories of the open—of red-blooded men and women. There are thrills aplenty, excitement galore, and a love romance to warm the heart of any lover of rapid-fire fiction.

There's a pretty, carefully nurtured society girl—a self-centered child of wealth. She takes a sudden notion to cut loose from it all in her own and her brother's interest when it is suddenly brought to her that they are in jeopardy. She goes to Alaska without anyone's knowledge, with only an aged butler as chaperon, to work in a company store in the hardest kind of mining camp.

There is plot enough for Mr. Grant. With a basis like that, there are few writers who can find more excitement of the popularly delightful kind than he. And in this book, he fully avails himself of his opportunity. There is emotion and thrill, but also a lot of human interest in the gradual unfolding of the girl's character when she is brought face to face with the actualities of life and learns that a man can be a man, a gentleman can be a gentleman, whether under frock coats or under the beaten and workworn overalls. There's an exciting love story, and many things otherwise that happen while these rough men of the North fight to save the girl's mine.

If you like action, mystery, love interest, and that quality termed "human interest," you'll like "The Single Track."

Saving Money in the Home; Little Tricks For Women in Household Economics

By ELIZABETH LATTIMER.

ALTHOUGH cornmeal is now used chiefly as a breakfast cereal or in the form of bread, yet there are many other ways of using it to advantage. The particles of cornmeal when mixed with water do not tend to stick together and form an elastic dough as wheat flour does. This is because the protein of corn is lacking in tenacity, allowing the somewhat granular particles of meal to separate. While this is a disadvantage for some uses, like bread making, it is an advantage, as it renders them very tender. Here are some recipes for the use of cornmeal which are highly recommended:

Cornmeal and Wheat Waffles.

1 1/2 cups water 1 1/2 tablespoons baking powder
1/2 cup white cornmeal 1/2 cup wheat flour
1/2 cup milk 1/2 cup sugar
2 cups wheat flour 2 eggs
2 tablespoons sugar 2 tablespoons melted butter

Cook the meal in boiling water 20 minutes; add milk, dry ingredients mixed and sifted, yolks of eggs well beaten, butter, and whites of eggs beaten stiff. Cook on greased waffle iron. These waffles are considered by most people better than those made with wheat flour only. This serves six people.

Cornmeal Puffs.

1 pint milk 1/2 cup cornmeal
1/2 cup sugar 1/2 cup butter
1/2 cup salt 1/2 cup baking powder

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\$1 PAID FOR EACH DOLLAR SAVED

Here is a chance for every one to earn a dollar by telling how she has saved a dollar. It may be a dollar or more. It may have been saved in a day or a week. However, all that matters is HOW it was saved.

I saved and \$1 earned by the telling of the saving makes \$2. How about it? Be brief and write only on one side of paper.

I will award a prize of \$1 each day for one of the suggestions which I print.

If your first letter doesn't get a prize, try again. Even if it does, that is no bar to your getting another if your idea is worth it.